

Hold me closer

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Hold me closer

by [Treesofmyheart](#)

Summary

Dream turns to him, pulling off his mask. His eyes have a kind of wild, calculating look in them, and his cheeks are flushed. “George.” He says, stepping closer. “Do you trust me?” George freezes, eyes locked with Dream’s.

“I- Yes.”

Dream nods, biting his lip. Then in one swift movement, he places a hand on the blackstone wall beside George’s head, crowding his body close.

George fiddles with the wiring intently. He looks up from the fuses, glancing around the dark area briefly to make sure he still has eyes on Dream, who is still positioning TNT. Dream has his mask pulled down over his face, hoodie up over his hair. Neither of them are wearing armour, just in case the sound of metal clinking could give them away. If any of the L’Manburg resistance catch them now, their plan is fucked. All the TNT they’ve delicately placed underneath the whole territory would be rendered useless if Dream and George were to be caught now.

George connects the next few fuses and shuffles forward, using Dream’s torch to light the way. The tunnels they’ve dug out are dark and damp, and the oppressively low dirt ceiling feels like it could crumble away at any second. Suddenly, Dream darts towards him, snatching the torch and pressing it head-first into the ground, dousing the flame and plunging the two of them into pitch darkness.

“Dream? What the-” A hand clamps down over George’s mouth and he hears Dream whisper.

“Shhh! they’re above us!” The reply comes, sending a shock of fear through George’s limbs. He stills, listening intently. Sure enough, he can hear Tommy’s loud, obnoxious voice approaching the centre of L’Manburg. There are other voices, too, nearby. *Oh shit, they’re back.*

He feels Dream tug on his elbow.

“C’mon, let’s get out of here!”

They shuffle their way out of the tunnels, going excruciatingly slowly to avoid messing up the carefully placed redstone wiring and TNT that litters the place. Finally, George sees the outline of Dream ahead of him lit up by sunlight. As they approach the tunnel entrance, Dream holds out a hand to wait, poking his head out to check the area is safe. They’re just outside the L’manburg perimeters and need to get out without being caught. Soon enough, Dream waves him up, and they both exit into the dimming sunlight of the early evening.

“Did you see me, Wilbur? I totally wrecked that zombie! I was like ‘Bwah!’ and he was like ‘urghhh’ and I was like-”

“Yes, Tommy. It was very cool. Very poggers. We were all there.”

George freezes, hearing their voices unnervingly close. His eyes widen as Dream pulls them both around a corner.

“*Fuck,*” He swears, as they hear footsteps leaving the L’manburg compound, making their way towards the two of them. “*Fuck, this way is a dead end.*” Dream gestures to where a short cliff face cuts off their escape route. George surveys it, heart beating in his chest as the voices get closer. It’s not too high, there might be a small chance that the two of them could make it... but not without detection.

He looks back to Dream. It’s impossible to tell what he’s thinking with that stupid mask on. *What the fuck are they gonna do?* There’s just the cliff, the 20-foot L’manburg wall, and the approaching armed resistance fighters who could no doubt defeat Dream and George if they’re wearing armour.

Dream gulps.

“George, do you trust me?”

He asks, and his voice quivers slightly as he says it.

“What? What do you mean?” George desperately asks, stumbling back away from the corner and pulling Dream back by the wrist.

Dream turns to him, pulling off his mask. His eyes have a kind of wild, calculating look in them, and his cheeks are flushed. “George.” He says, stepping closer. “Do you trust me?”

George freezes, eyes locked with Dream’s.

“I- Yes.”

Dream nods, biting his lip. Then in one swift movement, he places a hand on the blackstone wall beside George’s head, crowding his body close.

“*Dream-*” George cuts off as Dream presses one gentle, quiet kiss onto the corner of his mouth. The world seems to slow to a stop, the gentle breeze washing over them, the sound of birds. George stares, just for a second, into Dream’s piercing eyes. Then Dream dives in, kissing as if his life depends on it.

Which it kind of does, George supposes, kissing back equally as hard. His heart is in his throat, and he reaches out a hand, wrapping around Dream’s waist to pull him closer. He’s gasping, breathless, feeling the heat of Dream’s lips on his, the electric touch of his fingers across his jaw, his shoulders, his chest.

“What the FUCK? Dream?! George?!”

George cringes as Tommy’s voice pierces the still air, and slowly (but reluctantly) turns his head away from Dream’s to face the two L’manburg-ians. Tommy is staring, jaw hanging open, eyes wide with surprise and confusion. Wilbur looks stunned, but he quickly collects himself, grinning at the two of them.

“Apologies, gentlemen. We seem to have-”

“WERE YOU TWO *KISSING*?”

“Tommy, shut up.”

“Fine.”

“Anyway. We’ll leave you to it now, but maybe choose a more secluded place for your little make-out session next time?”

Wilbur waves a hand in their direction, a smirk plastered across his face. He grabs Tommy’s wrist, pulling him back around the corner, despite his muttered protests.

As their voices fade, intense relief washes over George, and he lets out a breath he didn’t know he was holding. Dream relaxes, huffing out a laugh and collapsing forward into George’s shoulder.

“I can’t believe that worked.”

George stares, mouth hanging open. He can’t speak, his throat seems like its closed up. Dream chuckles, pulling away from him, cheeks still flushed and red, dirty blond hair messy. He nods at Dream, taking a couple of steps back and straightening his hoodie.

Checking his compass, he turns away from George, beginning their walk back home.

“You coming, George?” He says over his shoulder, that cocky grin still plastered onto his face.

Fire starts to burn in George’s chest. He can’t tell if he’s humiliated, angry, turned on or a mixture of all three. Why is Dream just *leaving* like he didn’t just press George against a wall and kiss the life out of him? George swallows, trying to beat the flames back down, and pushes off the wall. He strides towards Dream, mind scrambling to try and find the words he needs to say.

Dream, I-

I’m in-

You can’t just kiss a guy and leave-

Dream, don’t you know? How don’t you know?

He catches up to him, and grabs his wrist forcefully.

“Dream.”

Dream turns, mask askew, a questioning look in his eyes.

“George? What-“

“Don’t.” George breathes, keeping his grip on Dream’s wrist tight. “Don’t-“ The words aren’t coming. They stick to his throat, choking him. The fire bubbles behind his eyes, and he curses himself inside for letting himself cry in front of Dream. A tear rolls down George’s face, dripping onto the ground between the two of them. Dream is confused, and concerned, as he reaches a hand out to him.

“George, I’m sorry, I didn’t reali-”

“Dream. *Dream.*”

“George.”

“Don’t. Don’t pretend it-” George gasps, trying to keep his voice steady. “Don’t pretend it didn’t mean anything. *Please.*”

George watches, heart sinking, as Dream’s eyebrows knit together. His tongue darts out to wet his lips as he opens his mouth to reply. George waits, breath stilling in his throat. *Fuck it.*

He reaches out, gently pulling the back of Dream’s head down to meet him, and presses one long, soft kiss to his lips. Its more tender than before, more chaste. And over too soon.

As he draws back, he presses his lips together, searching Dream’s face, desperately hoping he’ll understand. His eyes are wide and piercing, and the sight makes George’s chest ache. A shock goes through him as Dream squeezes his hand, thumb brushing over his knuckles softly.

The fire in George’s chest ignites as Dream finally laughs, wiping away a small tear that had formed at the corner of his eye. Then, painfully slowly, he loops a hand around George’s waist, leaning their foreheads together, eyes closing.

George leans his head up to meet him, and can’t help but smile.

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